

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberis!"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 15, NO. 14

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 29, 1897.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## The Pocahontas Times.

### BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the Chicago Millionaire, died October 19, suddenly, of heart trouble. He established a town by means of his car works. The town of Pullman now has a population of 11,000. His wealth has been estimated at \$10,000,000.

THE special grand jury called for Kanawha County returned six felony indictments and five for misdemeanor. George Chilton, Thomas C. Hall, Edward A. Botkin and Benjamin C. Hall are indicted jointly for misdemeanor, conspiring to obtain exclusive control of the retail liquor business of Charleston. George Chilton and Thomas C. Hall, misdemeanor, for attempting to bribe a councilman; E. A. Botkin, same offense; James L. Cook, indictment for false swearing (a misdemeanor), charged with having sworn falsely sworn when taking oath as a juror in the McDonald case, recently, that he had not made up or expressed an opinion in the case; Andrew C. Blair, late prosecuting attorney, misdemeanor found for withholding executions against convicted persons, for a consideration, and compromising fines, etc. Indictments for felony were found against four school trustees for receiving money from a teacher to get him the school.

LEWISBURG voted herself a set of \$13,500 waterworks, and now it would seem from an able exposition of the case by Major John W. Harris, in the Independent, that the town has acted hastily in the matter, and that to pump water from the Greenbrier River, the only available source, will cost more than all the other expenses of the town together. Water must necessarily come high when it has to be hoisted five hundred feet up a West Virginia hill-side. It fact it would seem that it would be almost as easy to move Lewisburg to the Greenbrier as to take the river to Lewisburg. The scheme seems hardly practicable, for a town of 1,000 people, even though it be as wealthy as Lewisburg. The town does not promise to become great while the bonds mature, for this is the only town in the United States that has not become greater or less within the past fifty years. The idea of a pumping station on the Greenbrier, costing several thousand dollars per year, is a big thing for Lewisburg to undertake to support.

### SUICIDE IN EXTREMIS.

ON Tuesday, October 18, Mrs Atherton Blight, quite recently a society leader of New York, was found dead in her room, from a pistol shot. Mrs Blight's daughter was married a few months ago to W. P. Thomson, a son of the late Colonel Wm. P. Thomson, so widely known in our county during the war. This is the published account of the affair:

Newport, R. I.—It developed today that the death of Mrs Atherton Blight, the former society leader, who died Tuesday was by suicide. She had been sick for fifteen years, and for a year or more her suffering had been intense. Mrs Blight longed for the end and after many weeks of patience, when relief in a natural manner was about to come, she lost control of her mind and shot herself. Her disease was consumption with all its tortures.

Mrs Blight's nurse had gone to the kitchen to prepare her breakfast and she was alone. No report of a pistol appears to have been heard, but when Mr Blight entered the room a few minutes after the departure of the nurse, he found Mrs Blight lifeless on the bed and a pistol at her side.

Every effort was made to suppress the facts under the misapprehension, no doubt, that Mrs Blight would be misjudged for her act but her friends among the cottagers who were acquainted with her long illness sympathized with her deeply that not a word of approach had been heard.

It is said that she could not have lived more than 24 hours, and that for more than a day her existence had been nothing but a supreme struggle for breath. It is yet a mystery to the family how she got possession of a pistol in the house.

William Edmiston, the youngest of Andrew Edmiston's sons, spent some time with Judge Edmiston at Weston, where he attended school. He then went several terms to the Rev M. D. Dunlap, principal of the Pocahontas Academy at Hillsboro. When he attained his majority he started for Missouri with Anthony C. Jordan. While on a steamer in the Missouri waters he was seized with cholera and died on the boat. The towns were quarantined in a very rigid manner and all landing was prohibited. Hence the crew were compelled to bury their dead passenger in the sand at a lonely, uninhabited spot not very remote from St. Charles, Missouri. His friend Jordan went ashore to assist in the burial, but would not return to the boat, and finished his journey to Daviess County on foot, after successfully eluding the quarantine guards by keeping away from the public routes of travel.

The writer is mainly indebted to the retentive memory with which the venerable James McCollum is endowed for most of the particulars used in illustrating the family history of Andrew Edmiston. The sketch now in hand illustrates some of the possibilities in the reach of such youth as persistently pursue a high aim, and spare no honorable efforts to realize the fruits of noble endeavors. We are what we make ourselves.

Jane Edmiston became Mrs Abram Jordan, mentioned elsewhere as having gone West. So far as known to the writer she is now living in Kansas with her daughter Mrs William Renick.

Martha Edmiston married Franklin Jordan and settled in Missouri, where she died leaving no surviving children.

Mary Edmiston was an invalid all of her life, and never married.

She went with her brother George to Kansas.

Mathew Edmiston married Mrs Minerva Bland, in Weston, West Virginia, and settled there. His name appears in the history of our State as one of the most distinguished of our native born public characters. In V. A. Lewis' History and Government of West Virginia mention is made of this distinguished man as follows:

"Judge Edmiston was born September 9, 1814, at Little Levels, Pocahontas County, now West Virginia, where after receiving a common school education he was admitted to the bar in 1835. Four years after he removed to Lewis County, which later he represented in both branches of the General Assembly of Virginia. In 1852 he was chosen a judge of the circuit court, in which position he continued until 1860. He was elected to a seat in the Constitutional Convention of 1872, but because of ill-health did not qualify. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals in 1882, but one year before his death. Judge Edmiston died June 29, 1887, at his home in Weston, Lewis county."

This historical notice has with it a portrait of this distinguished jurist and statesman. [page 239.]

James Edmiston married Miss Mary Hill, daughter of Thomas Hill, near Hillsboro, a son of Richard Hill, the pioneer. He lived a number of years near Mill Point, on the farm now held by C. Edgar Beard. Mr Edmiston was a member of the Pocahontas Court and for years was prominent in county affairs. He went West late in life. Mrs Minerva Beard, of Huntington, is his daughter.

George Edmiston married Mrs Nancy Callison, relict of Isaac Callison, son of James Callison, one of the pioneers of Locust, and a daughter of John Jordan, and lived many years at the homestead.

He was a busy, enterprising citizen, and was engaged in many business enterprises with the late Colonel Paul McNeil. He finally moved to Kansas, where his family mostly reside.

Andrew Jackson Edmiston married Rebecca Edmiston, a daughter of James Edmiston, son of William Edmiston, brother of Andrew Edmiston. After the decease of her husband Mrs Rebecca Edmiston became the wife of Jackson Jones, of Nicholas County, West Virginia.

Jim Scott, one of the strongest men and best swimmers, was engaged to upset the canoe and take Mr Edmiston out of the river before anything serious could happen in the water. Mr Edmiston went along to see the fun the party proposed to have at Oldham's. He dismounted near the bank of the river and crossed in a canoe as it was rather deep to ford.

Things became so interesting and pleasant at Oldham's that Mr Edmiston was forgotten, and when they came to look for him to return home he was not to be found. Of course the party was much alarmed, but when they went to where the canoe had been tied up, they saw it on the other side of the river and their patient on his horse greatly amused at the idea of their having to get over the deep water as best they could. Scott, however, came in very well. He swam the river, brought the canoe over, and helped the party across. Mr Edmiston in the meantime galloped home. It was concluded the next time he had a spell to let him have it out, for it certainly did not hurt him much. Some thought it might be well for the party to have some such spells before they would be up with him.

When the dying day came when he was to pass over to the bright forever, it was found he had nothing to do but to die. God had not cast him off in the time of old age, nor forsaken him when his strength failed, as he seemed to fear so much when depression of spirits or despondency afflicted our kind old friend. At evening time it was light with this venerable man, and he could realize the sweet power and significance of words like these: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." Psalm lxxi. 16.

W. T. P.

### VINCE BOND DEAD.

Alfred Vincent Bond, the subject of this, was born at Brushy Run, Pendleton County, September 29, 1880. The quietness that marked his boyhood was exemplified in the young man of 17 summers. When he became old enough to attend school he was earnest, thoughtful, and obedient. He was so apt that study to him seemed a pleasure instead of a task, and seldom came to recite with a poorly prepared lesson. He was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. Nothing could induce him to do what he believed to be wrong. At the age of 13 he presented himself at the altar and was happily converted, and remained a consistent member of the M. E. Church.

Last winter he attended school at Frost, Pocahontas County, and made many friends. The writer had been closely associated with him for the last two years, and a more pious young man I never knew, and one of the best.

Of fine personal appearance, he looked the picture of health and strength. August last he was seized with typhoid fever and after a protracted illness of several weeks he went to meet his sainted mother, who had preceded him about eighteen months, and on the 27th day of September, 1897, his body was consigned to the tomb.

Thus has passed from among us a young man in the prime of life. But when the conflicts of life are over; when the last battle is fought; and the dead in Christ shall rise to meet him in the sky, we know we shall meet our dear departed friend and the music we used to engage in here we will sing triumphantly in heaven.

We tender our deepest sympathy to father, brothers, and sisters, and may the God of infinite mercy sustain them is the prayer of their friend.

J. H. LANTZ.

Guesses at Truth.

A boy never gets much comfort out of his first cigar, but he gets lots of experience.

When a man speculates on a large scale, he always has something on which to weigh the consequences.

History repeats itself, with the exception of our own private history, which is repeated by our neighbors.

"I suffered with bronchitis for nearly five years. My physician prescribed for me without producing favorable results, and finally advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have taken six bottles of this medicine, and am now

come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writh under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

\* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Human Oxen in South America. A Promising Life Sadly Ended. An article on "Difficulties of Transportation in the Tropics," in The Engineering Magazine, C. P. Yeatman tells some remarkable stories of the strength and endurance of pack-carriers in Columbia. Says Mr Yeatman:

"There are professional pack-carriers on some roads who make a specialty of carrying burdens which the sturdy and much endurance cannot stagger under. On some of the roads you will see at times what appears to be a live box staggering slowly and painfully down the mountain-side ahead of you; as you draw nearer, you may see the box grant, very much as an old pack-mule does at every downward step on a steep road. There is something uncanny about the whole proceeding, if it is your first experience, and you happen suddenly to overtake the box, going down hill, for the moving, swaying, and grunting mass has no visible means of support, and no apparent excuse for behaving in such manner. Perhaps you may read on its back, 'Mason and Hamlin Organ Company,' or some similar legend, but that is no help in solving the perambulating mystery for whoever heard of a boxed-up organ wandering alone down a steep mountain path, and grunting as it reeled along? Very likely the path is too narrow for your mule to pass your fellow traveler; so you are obliged to follow in its wake. But at last you are able to pass ahead, and you find the organ is in no way to blame for moving, for it has a man under it. Short and stumpy he may be, but the muscles on him reminds you of the pictures of old Atlas holding the world on his brawny shoulders. In one hand he carries a long, stout cane, with which he steadies himself on the slippery clay, and when he wishes to rest, he backs up the bank on the side of the road, settles the lower end of his load on the higher ground and props up the upper end with his stick; then he is free to slip the plaited magnesia-fiber bands of his shoulders and forehead and step from under his burden.

"Up the next hill perhaps you will overtake a woman pack-carrier, her skirts tucked up to her knees, and below the skirts, in prominent view, great knots and masses of corded muscle, which form her not graceful, but very useful, underpinning. Ask her how much weight she carries, and you may get the answer, as if it were a child's load, 'echo arrabas, no mas'—equivalent to, 'only two hundred and twenty pounds.' As you catch sight of her wrinkled face, you may thoughtlessly remark that it is a heavy load for one of her years; her answer is apt to be: 'You should see my grandmother; she does carry arrabas, no mas.' This is said with so injured an air that you ride on wondering why you had not remembered that a woman has a right to be touchy about her age, even if she is not dressed in the height of fashion. As to the grandmother, and the probability of her still being able to carry burdens in this world, you are apt to be strongly of the opinion that the pack-mulish old woman has drawn entirely on her imagination; but do not be too sure of that, for the glaring tropical sun brings wrinkles quickly, and where women are frequently mothers at fourteen years of age, a great-grandmother may still be a very active member of society.

"Is this sort of freight carrying expensive? Rather! A twelve-arrabas, 330-pound package, which is generally the maximum for men, as a nine-arrabas is for women, may cost \$150 for one hundred miles, or \$10.18 paper per ton per mile.

It would be a good idea for some people to hold the tongues occasionally, and give their brains a chance to catch up.

It is an unsettled question whether bleaching the hair leads to softening of the brain, or softening of the brain leads to bleaching the hair.—Chicago News.

### Ticklish Things.

Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writh under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

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Human Oxen in South America. A Promising Life Sadly Ended.

The death, Friday, in an asylum at Chester, England, of Mr Edward Langtry, a native of Belfast, Ireland, husband of the "Jersey Lily," the well known actress, has in it not a little pathos, being the melancholy conclusion of a life that began under circumstances that promised much happiness.

While still almost a youth he met on a yachting tour in the English Channel Emilie Charlotte Le Breton, daughter of the Dean of Jersey, and in 1873 married her. At first the pair lived quietly, but the beautiful young wife, intoxicated by the change from the sober ways of the Island of Jersey to the gay fashionable London, soon acquired extravagant tastes, which dissipated her husband's fortune, and in 1881 she betook herself to the stage. Domestic broils followed, if they had not preceded, this step, and the actress sought and obtained a California divorce. Her husband was seeking an English divorce from her at the time of his death. His life had been wrecked by the "Lily's" beauty, which was not fortified with the finer traits of womanhood. The immediate cause of his death is supposed to have been an accident encountered in traveling from Dublin to Chester.

Baltimore Sun.

### A Vote Winner.

Major J. Hoge Tyler, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Virginia, may not be endowed with the stately eloquence of Senator Daniel, or the argumentative powers of some others of the Democratic campaigners, but he is said to be a hand-shaker from away back, which takes immensely in the rural district, whilst in anecdote and humor he is making a decided hit. In a recent speech in Richmond he is quoted as saying: "This is the dryest ticket that the people of Virginia were ever asked to vote for. Jack Montague never drinks anything but Dan River mud. Ed. Echols doesn't know the difference between wine and pokeberry juice. As for myself, I never drink anything stronger than unspiked buttermilk." In Alexandria, Saturday evening, in a speech which seems to have delighted his audience, Major Tyler declared that he had not been able to discover any solid proof of the good times promised during the presidential campaign. He certainly took a gloomy view of the situation in Virginia, for he asserted that much of the land was so poor that "we will have to fertilize our graves in order to insure a resurrection." Major Tyler further said that the ticket of which he was the head was entitled to support "because it was made up of a black-headed man, a red-headed man and a bald-headed man, variety enough to suit everybody."

The news of Major Tyler's humor has spread throughout the State, and he is overwhelmed with invitations to speak.—Exchang

### Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a perfect combination of the two ingredients in what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

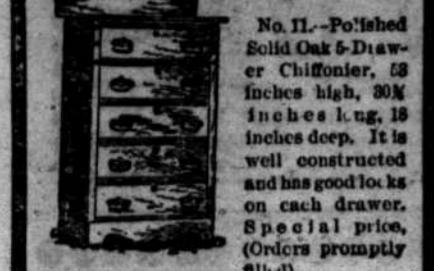
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### A Pertinent Question.

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LAW CARDS.

N. C. MCNEIL,  
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Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,  
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